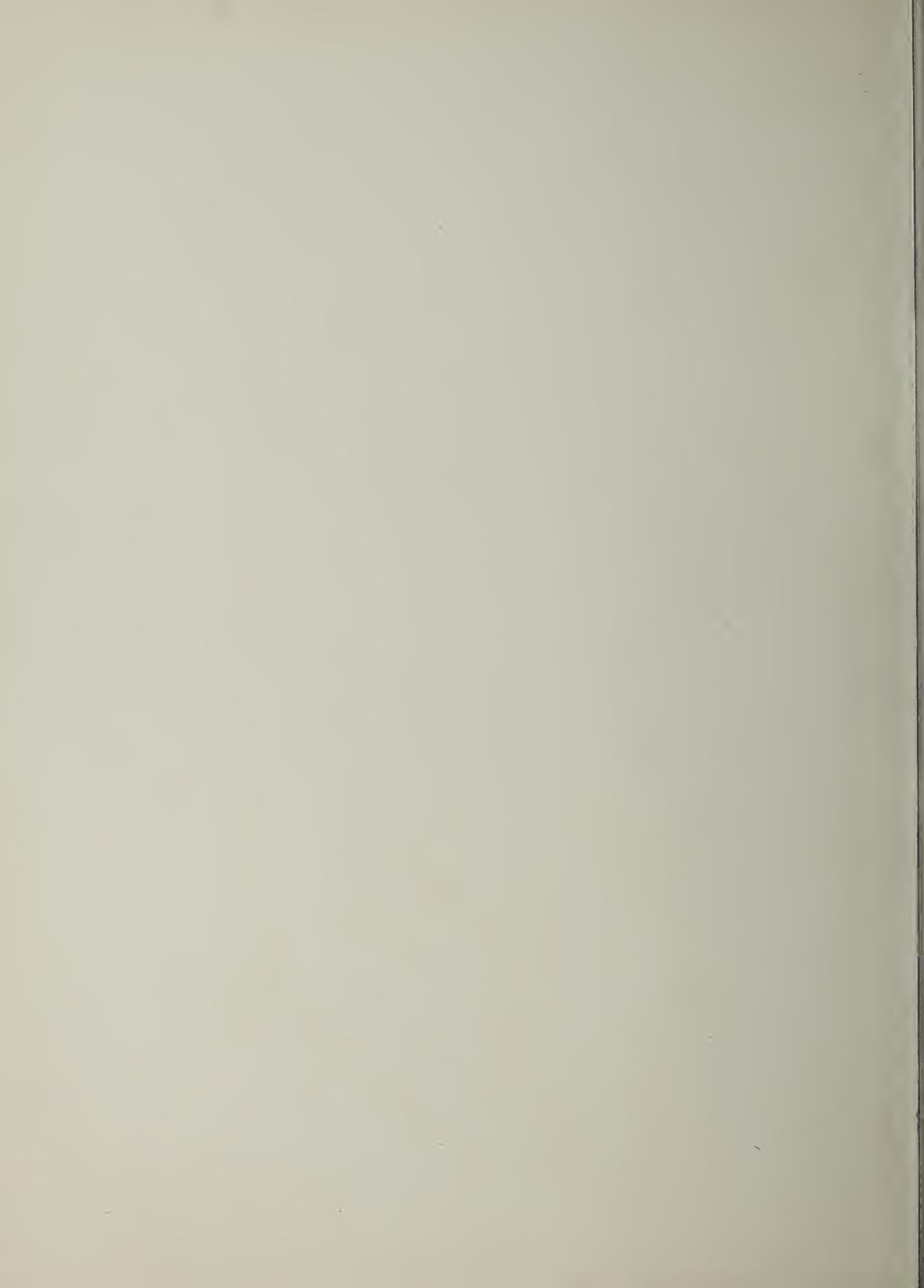


*Summer Issue
1964*



register





BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

REGISTER

CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES

Toybox	3
Ayn Rand: A World of Her Own	6
Just Another Time	10
Such Things To Be	13
Defending Your Seat (From Women) On The M. T. A.	18
Ave Atque Vale	23

VERSE

A Rusty Fence	5
Sensations	9
I Cannot Rejoice	12
Retreat	19
Shore-Side	25
With Steel and Cement	25

FEATURES

Editorials	20
Lords and Masters	22
Something of Interest	24
Sports	26
R. R. R.	30

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TOY BOX

Paul Rajcok '65

IT WAS A sultry July day; the sun's heat filtered through the close-knit clouds pasted in the sky and bore down upon the people who were scurrying about the big city, scurrying about sidewalks marred with gum, spit, cigarette butts, and candy wrappers. A crowd of faces, all impersonal, and all blended into the city's larger impersonality.

The indifferent sidewalks were tramped by their shuffling shoes, millions of shoes which held millions of feet. Children — knock knees and bowlegs. Hypokinesia. Adults — bursitis-ridden elbows and varicose-veined legs. Flapping lips — always moving, always talking; everywhere this incessant babbling, this limitless noise. Squealing tires, squawking brakes, rattling differentials, groaning motors, mufflers that rasped chronically and spewed their hot gases at the steaming asphalt streets. Hurrying in all directions. The noise bandied back and forth off the stone buildings and engulfed the city.

The leviathan concrete and steel-girdered masses, some vainly trying to

beautify themselves with a polished granite or variegated marble facade, loomed above the labyrinthine streets. And yet they seemed smaller than usual; they seemed to be slightly melted. The entire city seemed like an ice-cream cone that wasn't devoured quickly enough on a hot day — dripping, sticky, flies buzzing about it.

The people scampered about like spring wind-up toys which could be bought in any dime store for two bits. Jerky, mechanical movements. The grinding of gears; the gradual wearing away of parts. Rust eating away at their skin, deeper and deeper, stiffening their joints. They moved about, buzzing with mechanical energy. All with their trivial jobs to perform, all with their ephemeral goals in mind, many expediently hurrying, some meandering, some slowing down to a stop.

Some of them gleamed faintly with a tinny newness as though they had just come from a Japanese manufacturer and had not yet been in the rain, had not yet had a chance to rust, to lose the power of their springs. Big businessmen in their dacron tropical suits, bigger businessmen

in their custom-tailored suits. Few hats. Many had rain-or-shine coats slung over their arms, for several undependable weather-men had predicted showers for the late afternoon. The more prosperous carried, in addition, an expensive attache case covered with genuine morocco and waved it madly while rushing through the crowded sidewalks with that indefatigable executive stride.

"Pardon me Ma'am — I really . . ."

"Why don't you watch where you're going? Always in such a rush! Why don't you slow down and leave some of us older folk alive?" She gave him a disdainful parting glance, got a tight grip on her several packages, the fruits of her prodigious labors at a bargain-basement summer special, and rushed off into the crowd of elbows and legs.

A tourist bus grated to a stop at the corner of Washington and Bromfield Streets. The tourists gawked through the tinted glass windows as the driver explained that the Old Corner Book-Store building is one of the oldest brick buildings in the city, that it is believed to have been constructed before the great fire of 1711. They all listened attentively as he gave a brief history of the building, their Kodaks hanging limply from their stringy necks.

A little boy on the back seat was making faces at the crowd of people, who smiled shallow smiles back at him as they paraded by like tin soldiers marching off to some new crusade, to some just and holy war.

"Johnny, stop making those awful faces!"

He stared at the crazy kids that went by. Girls window-shopping. Flips, page boys, olivers; man-tailored blouses, madras shorts, loafers. Few bubbles — they weren't "in" any more. Boys strutting about like so many roosters nervously eyeing the hens. Two distinct brands, "collegiate" or "continental." Princeton and razor cuts, man-tailored shirts, denim shirts, levi's, desert boots and loafers; stove-pipe pants and pointed black shoes with big buckles and even bigger heels. There were many others also, either too conventional for notice or too unconventional for description.

"Ma, this is so boring; can't I . . ." He soon redoubled his efforts at face making; he took on the most grotesque facial expressions imaginable, until his contorted,

childish features gave him the appearance of some maniacal gargoyle escaped from an ancient European edifice. He loved to make faces at the old women who wobbled by on their toothpick legs; they looked so shocked. They would puff up like blowfish and turn all red. Sometimes they would shake a disapproving index finger at him, or even go so far as to reprimand him in their cackling voices.

"Johnny, pay attention to the guide! This is very interesting . . . Johnny . . . Johnny, will you please stop making those awful faces! Turn around, face front! Now stop your fooling and listen!"

"Aw, do I have to listen; I don't wanna just sit here and . . ."

"Oh, do whatever you want. Just don't bother me and don't make those stupid faces!"

He watched an old beggar who was propped against a dirty brick wall across the street. He was blind and had only one leg; a crutch lay by his side. A balding head, a wizened face, grubby hands, a dirty tweed jacket with cigarette holes burnt into it. He was holding out a small cigar box whose top was ripped off; several pencils protruded from the box. "Pencils, pencils." A dime clinked against the few coins already in the box as a tin soldier clicked by, grabbing one of the pencils the beggar meekly proffered.

"Ma, can I have a quarter?"

"Shh! Wait a minute."

He opened her pocketbook that was next to him on the seat and searched through it until he found a quarter. He quietly slid the glass window open. "Hey Mam, will you please . . . Mam? Hey Sir . . . Sir, would you please give . . . Sir!"

"Johnny, shut that window! There's an air conditioning system in here. Do you want to get everybody all hot? I don't know what's the matter with you today!"

"But Ma, the man over . . ."

"Don't be ridiculous. Shut that window!"

"But Ma, I just wanna . . ."

"Shut up and shut it!"

He reluctantly shut the window.

A low cackling, almost a whisper. "You know, kids are really a problem today. About twenty years ago, before . . ."

Old ladies, always buttin in, always givin their stupid advice, always tellin their prehistoric stories. They can never leave anybody alone. Always sayin that

you can't do what you wanna do and that you have to do what you don't wanna do.

"Yes, he's been that way lately; why, just the other day . . ."

Now she's got Ma started. Always causin trouble. I feel like tellin that old lady to mind her own business. "Hey Ma, you're disturbin the guide."

She looked at Johnny with a pained expression.

"Well, it's been nice talking to you . . ." The old lady nodded her head, smiled a knowing smile at Johnny, and turned around in her seat, just as the bus rumbled away, hurling its oily diesel fumes at the bustling sidewalks.

Johnny hurriedly opened the window. "Hey, mister! Here! Hey!" The quarter bounced into the gutter and hid under the litter.

Wristwatches ticked, spring clocks clicked, electric clocks hummed; all said five o'clock. The bustling toys stopped a moment, gazed at their watches, and hurried toward the gaping subway entrances. They swarmed down the cold, steel steps. An endless stream of ticking wristwatches on ticking mechanical men. The steady click of high heels on the steel steps, the slithering sound of rough hands on the railing; bad breath, body odor, cigar smoke, the musty smell of the dank,

concrete subway station; the lifeless row of lightbulbs shedding a dingy light on the lifeless row of toys waiting in line for their tokens. They perfunctorily searched for twenty cents in their pockets and, one at a time, slipped their change under the cage, glanced at the rusty uniform behind the bars, and said, "One please."

Drop the token in the slot; the grating click of the turnstyle, and you're through. Two kids slip under the turnstyle and run down the platform away from the uniform's calls.

Lights blink in the tunnel, a rumbling is heard, and the train rushes from the dark opening. A gust of damp, dusty air. The train stops. The doors hum as they open — a click. Toys burst from the doors, more enter; the doors hum as they close — a click.

They grip the straps and cling to the stainless steel poles as the train rushes into the tunnel. Behind the protection of their tabloid newspapers, they think of home where they will eat a well-earned meal, where they will relax and watch TV, where they will nestle into a soft bed . . . and where they will get up for another day, and have their keys rewound.

* * *

A laugh, and He snaps the lid of the box shut.

It is night-time in the big city.

A Rusty Fence

Long tight fingers
Have twirled and whirled
Their bodies
Through the rust laden wire.
Each one
Slowly reaches up
For the next dark red step.

The cold, metal fence
Lies anchored to a dry, sea bed —
Never touching the sky.

George M. A. Cumming '64

AYN RAND: A WORLD OF HER OWN

Howard Stern '65

THE MOST FATAL mistake in the construction of any logical argument is distortion of the facts or exaggeration of intended proofs. Such an error immediately exposes the case to easily-formulated, justified objections which nullify any elements of truth in the core of the argument. In fact, the debator may succeed later in reformulating his case more reasonably, but his proofs will never attain their full cogency, and the one chance to impress upon his audience the irrefutable truth of the argument will have been lost forever.

Such is the case with an argumentative novel also. If the author populates his pages with imaginary people and invents for them motives, ideas, and actions completely removed from those of his real environment, the obvious absurdities on the surface demolish a case which would at least have had a fighting chance under more favorable circumstances. This is especially true if the author claims the banner of realism and seeks to defend "reason as the only absolute." It is also likely that the overly dramatic exaggerations will ruin the literary flavor of the novel and thus complete its destruction.

In her two major novels, *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged*, Ayn Rand has consistently committed precisely this error. Both of these novels deal with the struggles and eventual success of Rand's super-heroes: dedicated, intransigent, selfish, often ruthless creatures of a closely-knit group. *The Fountainhead* concerns a young, revolutionary architect unwilling to sacrifice his principle of "design suitable to purpose" even in the face of unanimous opposition. *Atlas Shrugged* is a more realistic portrait of what happens when all the competent, intelligent people of the world go on strike to protest a universal "orgy of self-sacrificing." In

every case Rand has substituted for a dedicated artist some sort of dubious, repulsive demi-god and for any opponent of her philosophy either a fumbling idiot or a Machiavellian schemer, second cousin to Satan. In every case she has depicted actions not to her liking as either gross blunders or fantastic plots to overthrow her noble cast of divinities.

The sad result has been that despite her obvious literary talent and despite her many justified (or, at any rate, interesting) points of social critique, her works can hardly be considered seriously in their present form and have therefore failed to attract many partisans ("Ayn Rand?" I hear. "She's a nut.") In fact, *Atlas Shrugged*, which is not nearly as picar-esque as its predecessor and certainly has a potentially better plot, is so amateurish and sickening, and so inordinately long as to be almost unreadable.

I

Of course, the characterization determines the action for the most part and is therefore primarily at fault; moreover, the characterization is nearly identical in both novels and can best be analyzed in pairs.

The hero prototype of Ayn Rand's novels (Howard Roark, Henry Rearden, and Dagny Taggart), the epitome of competence, holds the essential philosophy of the author herself: "The concept of man as a heroic being, with his own happiness as the moral purpose of his life, with productive achievement as his noblest activity, and reason as his only absolute." This theory has its practical manifestations in the life of the hero.

Any sort of friendship with a mere mortal of divergent views is an utter impossibility, for the hero is the only man endowed with the clairvoyant realization of the purpose of existence, and everyone else must therefore be an enemy seeking

to destroy the world (specifically the hero's world). Roark and Rearden are so incapable of admitting doubts into their formulas that they lack the faintest reasonable desire to investigate contrary opinions and are so childish that they immediately interpret opposition not as sincere disagreement but as evil designs directed against them. In fact, the relationships among the heroes themselves are generally confined to mutual affirmations of their greatness, and there is so great a solipsism that no real friendship can arise. Therefore, the hero lives in a total vacuum.

The sex of the hero is not readily distinguishable, because sex implies interdependence, a word not found in the divine lexicon. And if a few extraordinary cases do occur (even Ayn Rand does not completely deny physical instinct), the hero is ashamed and disappointed and must lament eloquently: "What I feel for you is contempt. But it's nothing compared to the contempt I feel for myself. I don't love you. I've never loved anyone. I wanted you from the first moment I saw you . . . I spent two years damning myself, because I thought you were above a desire of this kind. You're not. You're as vile an animal as I am. I should loathe my discovering it. I don't." Love of any sort is a denial of axioms.

None of the elite ever commit a reprehensible act, make anything but a noble and forgivable error, or fail to comprehend anything comprehensible. In fact, Henry, Dagny, and Francisco D'Anconia enjoy a very clairvoyant type of conversation in which less important things are not said, but understood, and important matters are discussed cryptically, digested immediately, and answered equally cryptically.

The hero is so devoted to his "productive achievement" (which apparently includes art and business with little distinction) that amidst the voluminous personal information that the author gives us there is no hint of any other interest. But this is not unusual, for the hero has no weaknesses and needs beyond his work and his own happiness. The hero is the arch-enemy of incompetence and mediocrity, and he is himself an immediate success in any venture he undertakes. His intelligence, perceptiveness, dedication, and shrewdness mark him as a peculiar genius in a world of conformity. And he is disturbingly handsome and suave. Needless

to say, there is no character development at all because perfect characters who stay perfect have nowhere to go. And there are no subtleties or internal conflicts because the ultimate good has been revealed and all that remains is that the conceited inherit the earth.

II

It is obvious that for characters as supremely competent as Henry Rearden and Dagny Taggart a battle with mere ignoble non-believers, no matter how wily, would be too sure a victory to supply the necessary dramatic tension. Rand's solution is to introduce a second row of characters, identical in nature with the heroes, who have become so disgusted with the refusal of society to accept patent truth that they have sworn to destroy any manifestations of this truth in the world until society is ready to receive it (Dominique Francon, Wynand, D'Anconia, Galt, and Danneskjold). "John Galt is a Prometheus who changed his mind. After centuries of being torn by vultures in payment for having brought to men the fire of the gods, he broke his chains and withdrew his fire — until the day when men withdraw their vultures." These characters share all the ideals and idiosyncrasies of the heroes; however, they apply their talents to purposes diametrically opposed — to "stopping the motor of the world." This is accomplished by ruthless sabotage of all they hold dear, leaguing with the enemy to defeat their own ideals, and convincing others to join their ranks.

The relationships between the heroes and anti-heroes are truly remarkable. Although during work hours (i.e. almost always) they are arch-enemies, when they meet "socially" their common devotion to the ideals of objectivism creates the closest approximation of friendship Rand can create. And this is despite the fact that neither group is, to say the least, very tolerant of dissension. In fact, Howard Roark and Dominique Francon, who destroy each other during the day and feign love at night, provide a truly inspiring example of civilised warfare.

In short, the anti-heroes are just as unbelievable as their positive counterparts; and, indeed, at the resolution of each novel the two groups become no longer distinguishable as separate entities.

III

Although Ayn Rand claims to believe sincerely in the existence of her Prome-

theus prototype, she admits, fortunately, that not all men can fit her exacting specifications. Therefore, in order to reduce her novels to a slightly more reasonable plane, she has introduced a fringe of semi-heroes, such as Roger Enright and Eddie Willers, who represent the average Rand-oriented man in the objectivist society.

These people come from all walks of life. In **The Fountainhead**, Roark continually meets philanthropists, gas station owners, and just private persons who appreciate his work and desire his services. In **Atlas Shrugged**, Rearden and Dagny are surrounded by small businessmen, engineers, railroad workers, and secretaries who admire them and work with them. Enright and Willers, for example, are not involved in any of the moral or intellectual arguments of the novels, but they are unswervingly loyal to the concepts of their betters and can be used effectively for work not demanding a bona fide hero.

Unfortunately, however, the author attributes their loyalty to a very questionable source. They are not quite intelligent enough to reason out the issues, and therefore they merely "sense" the truth and are inexplicably convinced of the validity of the hero's theories. Many minor characters admit frankly that they only "feel" that somehow there can be no justice in the world if Rearden is not rewarded. Others merely state that they know Rearden is a great man but cannot explain the knowledge. But none satisfy the requirement of being reasonably average, intelligent people, with whom the reasonably average, intelligent reader can readily identify. Therefore, instead of improving the appeal of the argument and the thin characterization, Rand has just created a few more unlikely people, people who base their life entirely upon an absurd confidence.

It appears to be one of Ayn Rand's axioms that anyone who disagrees with her does so because of either stupidity or else the basest of motives, and all her antagonists can be explained in one of these ways. Men such as Peter Keating and James Taggart are depicted not as completely evil, but as improvident fools who act as pawns of the hierarchy of evil. They succeed not only in fumbling their own affairs but also in dragging all their associates with them. Keating relies on Roark to complete his sketches and then

proceeds to massacre the design by adding Greek facades in the traditional style he learned at school. Likewise, Taggart nearly ruins his railroad, has his sister pull him out of danger, and then goes on to cause new disasters. These men are stigmatized by abject incompetence and helplessness.

On the other hand, the people actually responsible for promulgating the ideals of self-sacrifice, brotherhood, and co-operation (Rand's greatest evils) are engaged in a master-plot to rob the productive and gain power for themselves. Elsworth Toohey, whose character is slowly developed in **The Fountainhead**, theorizes that if all men are united they will lose their individual identity, and that if mediocrity is exalted excellence will perish. Under these conditions anyone with the magnetic personality and reservoir of popularity of Toohey will have no difficulty in ruling the world. Similarly, Mouch and Kinnan preach sacrifice and rule of the majority precisely because they know they will create a total chaos in the country's economy. This situation will allow them to seize more and more power in the name of the "people" and finally to act as they wish in a dictatorial society. And, ironically, the herd will support them in its own destruction.

The means used in the plot are absurdly exaggerated. Toohey harbors various groups of non-artists who write novels without the letter **o**, plays calculated to be complete flops, nonsense "poetry," and other assorted junk. Mouch employs quasi-existential philosophies, sociological pep talks, and two-faced demagoguery to perpetrate his public frauds.

No opponent of objectivism is ever credited with any sincerity. No contrary opinion is ever presented fairly. No issue is ever discussed dispassionately. Instead, the ancient dodge of name-calling and distortion is combined with emotional arguments to produce an unconvincing, uninteresting novel.

It is obvious that Ayn Rand resorts to the melodramatic techniques of exalting her protagonists to cover up their essential shallowness and slandering the antagonists to avoid the necessity of arguing rationally. Therefore, no matter how much merit the philosophy **per se** may have, as argumentative literature **The Fountainhead** and **Atlas Shrugged** are worthless.

The defects in characterization are probably not the result of little literary skill. As a matter of fact, the wide circulation of Rand's novels, completely inordinate with the number of people who agree with her, indicates that her work is at least

interesting to a great many people. But a rather childish attitude toward argument and opposition (betrayed by her nearly paranoiac interpretation of disagreement as persecution) has converted her important novels into museum pieces.

Sensations

Glossy green and yellow waves,
Foaming up around me,
An unrelenting force,
Sucking me down under.

Shadowy forms with wicked eyes,
Dancing in a frenzy,
Huge, grotesque, unborn shapes,
Moaning, wailing, hissing.

I scream and shout, I strain my bonds:
A whisper leaves my mouth,
As creeping claws and snapping jaws
In millions swarm about.

In endlessness suspended alone,
I squirm in weightless horror:
No solid grasp, no up or down,
No answer to my cries.

Cascades of seething flame
Condense from blackest space,
Flowing rhythmically, silently,
Like writhing limbless serpents.

Forces strange to man,
And fissures, split the world:
Scorching gases shrivel my flesh;
My senses snap from pain.

All stopped. I sensed a change:
A fresh blue dawn.

Paul G. Heffron '66



JUST ANOTHER TIME

Martins Duhms '65

"**F**OOLS! COWARDS! Are you just going to sit there and do nothing? This is our chance. How many times do I have to tell you? Look, this chance may never come again. Never! Can't you understand that?"

Silence.

"So your minds are made up. You're not even going to talk now. Gentlemen, you're all fools! I'll walk, and I'll get there without your help. Anyone else coming?"

Silence.

"Very well! I'll go alone then. Or are you going to stop me? No? I'll need a protective suit. Notify the warehouse."

Silence.

"Director, I . . . Oh, I see. Yes, I get it now. Oh, you're a swell bunch of guys! The greatest, really! There's nothing to keep me waiting then. I have to hurry. Good-bye, Gentlemen."

Silence.

There are no walls, no living things; the land is empty to the horizon, and there is nothing in this desolate lifeless place. The

sky is vast and harshly blue. The ground is black and glazed. In places the surface cracks beneath my weight, and wisps of black dust rise from the fissures. The vastness of everything is difficult to comprehend.

The spaceship landed yesterday . . . to the west of here in the red desert. Will I reach it? The radioactivity is still quite strong. How long can an unprotected man survive? The council knows. They sat there mum and did not do a thing when I walked out. The old ones always knew everything; they were never wrong. So there is no chance. So what! But they may be wrong. I must try to hurry.

It is a controlled society. In the limited environment it has to be. What happened to the other underground city is proof enough. Yet, somehow a vague uneasiness persists.

"Thul," the kindly white-haired professor had said, "you must realize that you have an obligation to fulfill. As a member of the elite, you must present yourself

as an example, as someone who is above the trivialities of life, as someone who is to be respected and heeded. This is for the benefit of all. Now, I know how you feel, boy. I was young once too. Be patient. That's the only advice I can give you. In time you will realize that all this does have a reason."

Words, words, words! They did not mean a thing. Why did the other children treat me differently? Why did they always make me feel like an outsider? They weren't rude, of course, just sort of indifferent. Why?

And some years later (I now refer to the elite as we.): "Must we teach them all this junk? Must we keep scaring them with those terrible films from The Defeat? Must we regulate their lives so much?"

The old men had tried their best to answer.

"Thul, you're supposed to be something of a rebel. Well, you see how many doubts and questions you have. You know how dissatisfied you sometimes get. Can you imagine everybody in the city acting like that? There'd be chaos."

"The people are happy, aren't they? They're happier than you, I dare say. And anyway, this is temporary."

"Right! The time will come when we can leave this underground shelter, and then this social adjustment or control which seems to disturb you will no longer be necessary."

"When will this time come?"

"Now, Thul, that's difficult to say. You realize that there are many, many obstacles which must be overcome." And then they had gone into a lengthy discourse about the specific difficulties.

The old men always have an answer. And if it is not exactly an answer, the way they put it makes the reply seem adequate. They can talk, the old ones! That is about the only thing they can do, talk.

There is something on the horizon. That would be Turris, or perhaps my eyes are just playing tricks. I am not used to walking; my feet are beginning to hurt. This is foolishness. If only the council had been reasonable. But no, the old ones were cautious. Oh sure, they understood that help must be sought from other people, that man could not rebuild this planet on his own. But, that spaceship could be the enemy. The enemy! The enemy! The old

ones were obsessed by the return of the enemy.

In a way it was sad to watch these old frightened men. Some of them were still from the first generation after The Defeat. They had their memories.

The walking is rough. The ground is very uneven. Ahead are the ruins. Turris! Beautiful Turris, monument to man's pride, hub of an interstellar empire, had been hit the hardest . . . I should be there by nightfall.

Yes, man had once had an empire among the stars. Man had once been the hunter instead of the prey. In the archives in a captured chronicle some unknown observer had noted: "Other peoples weaken in prolonged battle, but not these barbaric invaders. They come in hordes from some obscure region of the galaxy. Wild rumors circulate that a gigantic teeming planet is their home. No one knows for sure. They have a fearful tenacity. Kill some of them and more will arrive. Kill those and still more will appear. We cannot hold out much longer. There seems to be but one way to stop their advance. They are not nomadic people; they are said to speak often of their home. It appears to be the core of their very being. This planet must be sought out and destroyed! Then perhaps, they will come no more." And thus it was.

The night is cold and the stars are icy crystals in the sky. So this is Turris. The place is deathly quiet. The towers at the edge of the city are tilted and grotesquely twisted. The center is a formless pool of solidified amalgamation. And beyond the city, in the desert, the space craft had landed.

I ought to rest a while. My whole body is leaden. My skin is burning. Could it be already . . . In the darkness the surrounding towers look like sorrowing giants standing silently around a huge grave. Agony is in their awkward stance and . . . Something moved. There it is again! A large bell mounted in a niche in the wall of one of the towers moves slowly back and forth. The clapper is missing, and there is no sound. The bell stops; it probably had been set to toll every hour. The center of the city must have been hit by something special. Wonder what that smooth hump was once. The heat must

have been terrific. Earth had been a ball of fire, the old ones used to say. And the enemy had kept the bombardment up long after all resistance had ended. Perhaps there was a reason why in the deep caverns underground big antennas slowly rotated day and night, year after year, incessantly searching for the return of the enemy. Perhaps the old ones are justified for being so cautious. Yes, it is understandable, at least. . . .

I have to go. The risk must be taken. Men cannot exist forever underground. Which way do I have to go now? Yes, into the desert. My senses are already slightly dulled — another symptom. Yes, the desert. . . . Someplace out there in the night is another living being. On a desolate alien planet far from home. . . .

What are you thinking tonight?

It's noon and hot. Nausea . . . I'm burning! What am I doing here? Spaceship . . . Something about . . . Funny . . . the red desert . . . the sand isn't even . . . Have to remember something. Spaceship . . . that's it! Have to find a spaceship! Have to find it . . . find it . . . find . . . Oh, please, help me! I'm tired.

The sun had just set when Captain Zxat took off. His visit was unauthorized. He hoped there would be no trouble. Yes, his ancestors had done a thorough job. Sad. He had wanted to meet one of these human beings. But, the planet was just a dead radioactive rock. Sad. He turned to his instruments. It was night.

I Cannot Rejoice

Why can I not rejoice when you, a poor spectator,
standing helplessly in the shadow of what I have done,
run to me, eagerly, sincerely, and kiss me in a vain
attempt to crown my — success, with useless adoration?
Why do I shrink now from the embrace I have longed for
in the fervent, secret dream of a slowly choking heart?
Why do I long for a breath of cool, unpoisoned air
when you have tried to give my cell the fragrant
perfume of your sentimental heart? You are sincere;
I know that, and I know I would not try to explain
if you were not.

Modesty, you say. No, modesty has never been
one of my virtues. If my inner critic
were satisfied with what I have achieved, what use
could I then have for fulsome denials of my private truth?
And if I saw the flaws in my own nature
and recognized my petty deeds for the nothing that they are,
would it then be modesty to admit a firm conviction
that I have nothing to be modest about?

No.

That for which you praise me is merely what I can do.
Praise me rather when at last I do something which I cannot.
Praise me not for being brave — a brave man
merely fights when there is little hope; what kind of man
will fight when there is no hope? Praise him rather,
and pray that he will not shun you as I do now,
as I must . . .

No, don't remove the freshness of your youth
from the heavy, strangling atmosphere that lingers here.
I need your courage, your love, not your admiration.
I need your faith in what I can be, not pride in what I am.
Stay with me, and perhaps we will reach a better day;
or, perhaps, we will only live in the hope of that day.
But we will live.

Howard Stern '65

SUCH THINGS TO BE

Brian McGunigle '64

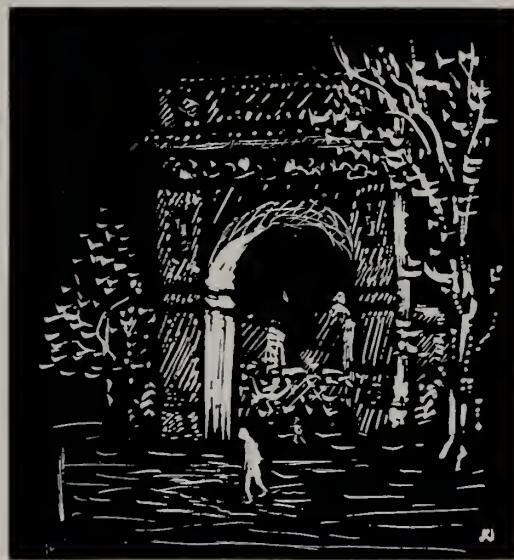
IT WAS NO USE. I just couldn't concentrate. For at least two hours I had been sitting there staring at the typewriter with that awful blank sheet in it, and it was just no use. What had happened to all those tremendous ideas I came up with for the next chapter? I should really write things down as I think of them, even while I'm walking around, but who wants to carry a notebook around all day? I'd look like a nut.

I guess it was Thursday — either Wednesday or Thursday, but it really doesn't matter — when I reached that blank point. I slip into these voids now and then, but usually if I sit in front of a typewriter long enough I get some sort of idea. But this time there was absolutely nothing, and since the boredom was beginning to get on my nerves, I decided to get out.

My watch had stopped at two, which, I figured, was less than an hour before. So, since it was still relatively early, I turned off the light in the room and went out into the hallway. The light bulb there had been out for a month. It was only about ten watts, but it kept you from falling down the stairs in the dark. What has always bothered me is that there aren't any railings on the stairs. In the daytime you can see where you're going, but making the three-floor trip to the street at night is an adventure.

At three in the morning the Village looks about the same as any other place in the world. Most of the natives are asleep, and a sort of peculiar stillness, fragile as glass, hovers in the air. I was almost reluctant to break the atmosphere, and when I reached the first floor I stood in the doorway for a full minute. Then two guys came around the corner of the block. One stopped beneath a street lamp and raised his arm up above his head. The second ran twenty yards down the block, cut into the street and caught an imaginary down-and-out pass. Both then raced to the next corner and disappeared. Things like that are part of the Village.

Heading nowhere in particular, I walked a couple of blocks and absorbed the



rhythm of night in the Village: guitar music, Theodore Bikel, The Modern Jazz Quartet all seemed to come from nowhere and everywhere. Their diverse sounds blended into a weird throbbing rhythm, a rhythm which is there, deep and basic, when all the phony intellectualism, phony philosophy, and phony art are sloughed off to reveal the Village as it really is, as the people in it experience it. It is an odd melody, for we didn't hear the beginning, and we won't hear the end, but we all get a chance to feel it, absorb it, and, if we are lucky, to stand up and put something of our own into it.

After a while I decided I might as well head toward the Brief Candle and see if anyone was still around. The Brief Candle is, well, not exactly a "real Bohemian coffee-house", as somebody once wrote in a guidebook to the city; it's best described as a sort of meeting-house. If you wanted to find anybody in the Village, the Brief Candle is where you would look first. During the day an odd lot of characters congregates in there, most of them college kids who've switched their three-button suits for sweatshirts and have come to the Village to find themselves. They sit and talk about Zen, and once in a while

one of them gets up to recite a poem. I wouldn't go in there during the day if you paid me.

The Brief Candle is supposed to close at midnight, but it doesn't because that's when the authentic people start to drift in and out. I suppose if somebody put in a city guidebook that nobody worthwhile shows up at the Brief Candle until midnight there would be jerks in there all night long.

When I got to the Brief Candle I went around to the back door, which is the only means of entrance after twelve. I know the owner. He never made a quarter on the place until about three years ago when the Village got to be a big fad. So now he charges tourists a buck just to get in and forty cents for a cup of coffee. Atmosphere, I guess. If you're a regular, you use the back door, stay as long as you like, pay when you can or don't pay at all. The owner doesn't care. He owns a Mercedes-Benz now—he used to ride around on a bicycle.

The main room is square in shape with a low ceiling and about a dozen tables crammed into room enough for half that many. It wasn't crowded; nearly everyone dispersed after two, but there were a couple of guys, artists—I knew them—sitting at a table near the closed front door, and, in a dark corner, Charlie Scott.

Charlie was sitting with his feet propped up on the table and his eyes closed. I sat down across the table from him. He didn't open his eyes.

"Charlie."

"Go home. I'm asleep."

"Well wake up. What time is it?"

He opened his eyes and shifted to an upright position.

"God only knows what time it is."

"Well, it really doesn't matter, now that you're awake."

"What can I do for you?"

"Oh, I don't know. What's new?"

"You came in here and woke me from a sound sleep . . ."

"You weren't asleep."

". . . just to ask 'what's new?'"

"Let me try again. How are things going?"

"Lousy, since you ask." He took a deep breath. "I think I'll forget about Drama and write verses for greeting cards."

"You and your plays. Do something worthwhile. Write a book." I always could get a response when I hinted that

his literary efforts were misdirected.

"Look, let's not go through that again. I'm not in the mood."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. Forget it."

"No, seriously. What's with you?"

"I'm just disgusted, that's all."

"With what?"

"Forget it. What brings you in at this ungodly hour? Decide to become one of the night people or something?"

"No, not exactly. Did you ever hit a total void?"

"Did I what?"

"When you're writing, I mean. Did you ever hit a completely blank point where you don't know what direction you're headed in or why?"

"Listen, I live in a blank point."

"No, but I mean, did it ever really happen to you?"

"Oh, sure."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Once I threw the typewriter out the window. Hit some guy right off the head. I looked out the window and there was this clown on the street yelling 'assault and battery with a typewriter'. Everyone thought he was stoned or something, so he finally took off. I went down a little later and picked up the typewriter. It only cost me about four bucks to have it repaired, and I wrote a story about the whole thing."

"Did it sell?"

"No, but at least I got some ideas out of it."

"I don't have four bucks to fix the typewriter, or I'd try it."

"Does it really bother you that much?"

"What?"

"'Hitting a blank point', as you call it."

"Of course it does."

"Then you're a fool. We're all fools." Charlie leaned forward, crossed his arms on the table, cushioned his head on them and said softly, "Go home."

I got up and went into the kitchen. The owner was sitting there, polishing a five iron. A bag of clubs stood in the corner. I searched around, found a cup, and filled it from the huge urn which stood in chrome-plated splendor, like an idol, on the far side of the kitchen.

"How is he?" asked the owner, putting down his five iron and cloth.

"Who? Charlie?" What, I thought, is he doing with the clubs at this hour.

"Yes."

"I don't know. He's not too happy about something. I can see that."

"Every night for the past week he's been in here from midnight to six in the morning and he just sits there." Then, for emphasis, he repeated, "Just sits there."

"Oh really?"

"Every night. And you know Charlie. He's not like that."

"I noticed he was . . . sort of down." I drank some of the coffee. It was awful. "Forty cents you charge people for this?"

"Shut up. It's not costing you anything. What do you want?"

"Not ptomaine poisoning, that's for sure."

"You don't have to drink it."

"I'll drink it just for you, and I'll always remember your kindness. When I was thirsty, you gave me coffee. I'll remember that."

"Thanks a lot." He was silent; then, "Well, what do you think about him."

I finished my coffee and asked "Who?"

"Charlie! Who the hell are we talking about? I'm worried. He's got plenty of talent, but . . . I certainly don't know. You're his best friend. Talk to him, will you. I don't like it at all. Every time I try to talk to him he snarls at me."

"I don't doubt it. You probably tried to charge him forty cents for a cup of coffee."

"Get out!"

"Okay, I'll talk to Charlie." Back I went. I really would have preferred to leave Charlie alone, but people seem to think I'm an analyst or something.

Charlie hadn't changed his position since I had gone out. As I threaded my way through tables and chairs to the far side of the room the two artists got up, nodded a greeting in my direction and left through the kitchen. The owner said something to them as they went out, but I couldn't hear it very well. And I really didn't care.

When I sat down Charlie looked at me briefly and then reassumed his head-on-folded-arms attitude.

"He's out there," I said, "and do you know what he's doing? He's polishing his golf clubs."

"He's what?"

"Polishing his golf clubs."

Charlie straightened up, stretched, yawned and said, "I believe it."

"I was just talking to him, and now I'm supposed to give you instant psychoanalysis."

"His suggestion?"

"For some reason he's worried about you."

"That is the laugh of the day. Why should he worry about me?"

"I don't know. Maybe he likes to think that someday you'll be a literary great and He Knew You When."

"He is a complete jerk. As a matter of fact, almost everyone around is a complete jerk, if you stop to look at it."

"How come?"

"Oh come on! Just look around the Village any day. What do you find? Nothing but jerks. They all sit around, try to look far out and think deep. The college kids especially. It's a status symbol. 'Go to the Village and See Life.' What life? All they see are others just like themselves. The jerks meet the jerks and build up a whole phony society, in which nobody can tell who's got any talent because they themselves wouldn't know it if they fell over it."

"So you feel your work is unappreciated?"

"You know that isn't it."

"Well, there have been phonies of all types here for a long time."

"I know it. But at least the older ones didn't try to kid themselves. They knew they had no talent; they admitted it. They had the intelligence to do that much. But now it seems that nobody knows anything about himself. They all think they're destined for greatness, if they can only hang around long enough."

"Didn't you feel the same way once?"

"Of course I did. Doesn't everybody?"

"Of course. You haven't done too badly."

"Well, I've never starved, if that's what you mean. What I don't like is this hypnosis about the Village. All these kids who come here to 'find themselves', do they really find out anything they didn't already know? Do they really care about finding out about themselves at all? Or do they just come here to be absorbed in a phony world they can hide in?"

"We live in a society that breeds phonies."

"That's just it. Nobody's secure any more. Everybody's afraid of something. The future, themselves, who knows? They all want to be intellectuals — it's modern complex. They come to the Village, hang around, and discuss Life. Maybe they're all just looking for security, and maybe

they find it here, but does the Village have a monopoly on security?"

"I don't think so, Charlie. As a matter of fact, I think you'll find the least secure people in the world here in the Village. They're worried people, Charlie, worried people."

"What bothers me is that the layer of phonies stifles everything underneath. The whole Village is covered with a skin of pop art, foreign films and Zen. There's something underneath it all, something that must still be there, but on another level, and deeply hidden."

"When did you come to the Village?"

"About ten years ago, after I dropped out of college."

"Ten years have made quite a change in you."

"I wasn't really An Impressionable Youth when I got here, and I certainly didn't come here to 'find myself'. You don't have to come here to do that. You can do that in Omaha, Nebraska!"

"You said earlier that I was a fool when I said I was worried about the total void I've run into."

"You are. Don't you see, whatever you do, it isn't going to matter very much, it isn't going to mean anything. Why? Because you are shouting your head off at a world of phonies who are totally deaf. They just don't care. There isn't anyone any more who cares. So just forget it and quit."

This type of depression was something I'd never seen in Charlie before and it was frightening. He was completely in earnest, and I really didn't know what to say.

"Is that your suggestion, 'forget it and quit'? What exactly do you mean?"

"I am contemplating suicide." Charlie's tone was so matter-of-fact that I failed to realize what he'd just said until a few seconds later.

"What?"

"You heard me the first time." I had, and he was serious.

"But why? What reason?"

"I came here to write, to try to say something to mankind. Isn't that a noble sentiment? I felt I had a message inside me that had to come out. And what happened? For ten years I've worked for that day when wham! There it is all down on paper and ready for the world to see. In the meantime — a few successes, a lot of failures. But I kept going, and I kept

hoping. Nothing. Whatever it is that I had to say is gone, and now I'm beginning to wonder whether it was worth it at all, any of it. Was this world, this phony society, this whole damned conglomeration of insecurity and insanity, was it worth all the effort I spent on it? Well, I've given it a lot of thought, and I say no. It was a good try, but something went wrong. Either I failed society, or society changed and made me a failure. Maybe both. I don't care. What's the use?"

"He said you've been sitting in here for hours every night for a week."

"One of these nights I plan to get up, walk out of here and throw myself in the East River. A dramatic finish to the dismal story of Charlie Scott."

I really didn't know what to say. He was wrong, surely, but what was driving him on, I felt, was still half-hidden and much more complex than it seemed.

"You're wrong, Charlie, you're wrong. I don't know what to say, but you're wrong, that much I know." As I said this Charlie turned, breathed deeply, and stared at the far side of the room. Did he want to be convinced? I couldn't tell. I didn't know if I could.

"This is the age of the phony, Charlie, don't kid yourself about that. Everybody, sooner or later, gets a chance for greatness — the Romans, the Arabs, the Spanish, the English — now it's the phonies. But I wish you wouldn't use that word 'phony' so much. You sound like that kid in the book . . . you know who I mean."

"But does everybody have to make such a big thing out of 'finding himself'?"

"Remember, these kids today don't think they're following a fad. They are really attempting to look into their own selves, and you can't blame them for trying."

"Is there some law that says they have to come to the Village to do it?"

"But, Charlie, the Village symbolizes something to them, something very important — freedom, life itself. And it's important to them to know they've tried, even if they don't make it. And they're much better off having tried than living like vegetables in suburbia."

Charlie shifted a bit in his chair and closed his eyes, pressing a finger and thumb against the lids, as if to hold them shut.

"You won't admit it, Charlie, probably

because you don't realize it, but you came here to find yourself, just like everyone else does."

Charlie started to protest.

"Look, Charlie, let me talk a little. What you don't see, what it takes us all a long time to see, is that we never really fully find ourselves. We can always only dig so deep and no farther, because only the future can open us up further to ourselves. And that's why you really can't take anything away from the 'phonies' here in the Village. They realize the search is long, and sooner or later most of them will find out they have no talent; that's the first step in their finding of themselves."

"I haven't found myself then?"

"No, Charlie, that's what I'm saying. Neither you nor I nor anybody else can stand up and say we really know ourselves."

"So the last ten years were wasted, weren't they?"

"But you can't pass off ten years' effort and call it nothing. You have no right to do that. Who are you to say the 'message' is no longer there? It might be there tomorrow morning for all you know, or in another ten years, or maybe never."

"So if it's never, what?"

"But how can you tell? So that's why you cannot throw in the towel when the game's half over. I'm not being a cheerleader, Charlie. I'm not trying to Save You From Yourself. You've got talent, a fact you seem to overlook. And you have a responsibility to the world to use this talent; you have a responsibility to your fellow man to use this talent."

Charlie started to reply.

"Hold on and listen. You have invested thirty years of your life in this mixture, as you called it, of 'insecurity and insanity'. You've invested in yourself, and all mankind has invested in you. You can't just go out of business now, because you think you're being undersold. You've got quality, it stands out. I'm not trying to flatter you. I'm not going to run out and start a Charlie Scott fan club — God knows you've been a headache to me and everybody else — but I'm not going to let you pick up your marbles and quit. Face it, Charlie, it's a cruel world."

"You think I don't know that?"

"But we gain from it, every day. The longer we live, the more we find out about

ourselves. So your 'message' may reach a deaf world, Charlie, but your search will be over."

We sat there silently for fully five minutes. Finally Charlie stood up, looked nervously at his watch and began drumming on the table with the fingers of his left hand.

"I didn't know you were wearing a watch."

"What?" He stopped drumming.

"The watch."

He looked at it. "Three-fifty," he said. "I didn't even know I had it on."

I waited.

"Well," said Charlie, "I've got to get going." He began to weave his way through the tables and chairs to the kitchen exit.

I watched him until he reached the kitchen door and was just about to speak when he turned, one hand grasping the door handle, and said, "Take it easy."

"Charlie . . ."

"What?"

"Well . . ."

"Don't worry. If I decide to throw myself in the river I'll talk it over with you first. Okay?"

A smile and he was gone. As I sat there in the empty room, I felt as if somehow I had not taken part in anything that had happened, that I had watched a story unfold on a stage. I was tired. I had a feeling of accomplishment, but of what I wasn't sure.

I sat there at the table for a few more minutes and then left through the kitchen. On my way out the owner stopped me.

"Success?" he wanted to know.

Standing there by his coffee urn with a bag of golf clubs over his shoulder he looked ridiculous, and I disliked him intensely.

"Your coffee," I said, "is disgusting." He looked at me blankly and I went out the back door.

It was raining, a warm light rain that only comes at night in cities. In the yellow beam of a streetlamp I could see fine drops falling in a heavy mist on the indifferent asphalt. A horn, a trumpet I think, sounded softly in the darkness. A window slammed, the horn was silent, and I started walking home in the rain, my footsteps beating out a strange rhythm on the wet sidewalk.

Defending Your Seat (From Women) On The M.T.A.

John Philbrook '66

ONE DAY, while seated on a subway train bound for the down town area, I looked up to find a middle-aged matron standing by my seat. A black kerchief with yellow polka-dots encompassed her head. She also wore a white trench coat which was covered with grass stain, dirt smudges, and a big splotch of what appeared to be dried-in pistachio ice cream. She stood without saying a word. I waited to see what she would do. She waited patiently; consequently, I gave her my seat.

Another time, on the way home from school aboard a trolley, a woman got on, marched up the aisle, and stood glaring at several boys, myself included, who were all seated. Immediately she began tapping her foot while exclaiming disgustedly, "Latin School boys, eh?!"

When she saw that she could not intimidate us and that we would not yield her our seat, she savagely turned on one boy — a sixie, incidentally — and grabbed him by the scruff of his neck. Wrenching him from his seat, she hurled him to the other end of the car. (This sounds fantastic, but it's quite true.) She then daintily seated herself and began to powder her nose. Had this woman **waited** a few moments, she would have undoubtedly acquired what she was after without physical violence. But being impatient, she chose to display a very unladylike quality — brute force.

If you have ever been plagued by such a rapacious seatgrabber, then take heart; if you haven't, watch out. In either case, some of my tried and proved methods for safe-guarding a seat may benefit you.

The first of these is the Foreign Language Method. I first used this scheme one day on the way home from school when my eyes met those of a little lady

standing before me. Every few seconds, she threw bold glances at me. Noticing this, I began to inspect her also. From what I could discern:

She was dressed all in blue
from her head to her foot.

And her clothes were all tarnished
with ashes and soot,

and mustard, and ketchup, and relish, and egg, and I thwarted the impulse of saying, "Look what the cat dragged in!" Still, she **might** have been a lady.

I was just about to give her the benefit of the doubt — and my seat — when I heard her clearing her throat in a very suggestive manner. She was bluntly hinting that she wanted my seat. The more she cleared her throat, the more unyielding I became. She at last decided to try something a little more drastic. She took a deep breath, and held it until her face had achieved a rich scarlet hue; then, with all the eloquence of a rabid dog, she let out her breath, screaming at me, "GIVE ME YOUR SEAT!!!"

I looked up at her inquisitively.

"Come on, kid! You heard me; now get up!"

My silence prompted her to continue:

"Stubborn li'l brat, ain't ya? Well I'll learn ya a thing or two!" And with that she started slapping me around.

I quickly put up my hands to stop her, saying, "Aber vergessen wir nicht, dass Karneval ist."

This stunned her for a moment.

I let my arms fall and said, "Wussten Sie das nicht?"

By this time she was completely dumbfounded. She stared at me for several moments and slowly removed herself to the other side of the car. There, she refrained from asking anyone for a seat. All of this only proves the usefulness of

foreign phrases. The phrases which I inflicted upon this fishwife actually mean, "But let's not forget it's carnival time" and "Didn't you know?" They had nothing to do with the situation. Remember: it's not the meaning that counts, it's the effect. Use any alien language, except French, because French is too widely known. If you wish, make up your own language as you go along.

There are two more methods which have proven helpful in safe-guarding a seat. These are twitching and holding your mouth and head, in such a way as to suggest a form of mental retardation.

Another method remains. This one is hard to classify, so I'll just give an example. Once, when I was particularly exhausted, I had the misfortune of having to travel on the M. T. A. But, looking on the more cheerful side, I was fortunate enough to get a seat on the subway. As soon as I had seated myself, I was confronted by a complacent little shrew. She was neatly dressed in a spotless, gray, tweed suit. Her face was the epitome of cleanliness; her hair in place; her shoes, clean and neat. Her shallow green eyes were adorned with horn-rimmed spectacles as thick as binoculars. Under her arm was a venerable copy of Boswell's **Life of Samuel Johnson**, which she probably perused with great ecstasy. She smelled like the Rarest Rare Book Department of the Copley Square Library, from whence she probably cameth.

But her mid-Victorian manners were ruined because she kept stamping her foot—on mine, unfortunately. While industriously engaged in doing this, she kept asking rather sonorously, "Is chivalry dead? Is chivalry dead?"

After six stampings and thirteen pleas for a return to the Middle Ages, I finally replied, "No, madam, chivalry isn't dead—I AM!!!!"

Upon hearing this remark, she sallied forth to the conductor, and what ensued is something that we shall not probe any farther. I need only mention that when this mess was finally cleared up, I was still in full possession of my seat.

From time immemorial—that is, from the time the M. T. A. was started in Boston—men have unquestionably given women seats on the subway. Everyone agrees that the women who deserve seats are the old ones and those in the family way, because of their respective conditions; and also perfect ladies because of their patience. But do **all** women?

When in doubt, however, and to avoid embarrassment, I leave you with this last bit of advice: TO AVOID ANY AWKWARD SITUATION, SIT ON THE INSIDE OF A DOUBLE-SEAT, SO THAT YOU ARE NOT RIGHT ON THE AISLE AND ARE LESS APT TO BE CONFRONTED BY A SEAT-STEALING FEMALE. This is also an excellent way to avoid being mangled on a crowded bus.

Retreat

As the breeze gently stirs
The arms of the lofty pines,
And the sun gazes down
Over the calm, silent lake,
I sit by myself, but never alone.

Manuel W. Aran '65

EDITORIALS



RENDER UNTO CAESAR . . .

SEVERAL CONSTITUTIONAL proposals are under consideration by the U. S. Congress. These resolutions, which would in one form or another allow the saying of voluntary prayers in the public schools, are a direct result of the Supreme Court's historic decision declaring unconstitutional prayers previously said in the public schools, even though such prayer might be of a non-denominational nature.

Immediately after the decision was made, members of both political parties and many newspapers and clergymen indignantly joined in a denunciation of what they felt was an attempt by the Federal government to hinder the free exercise of religion, and many of these same people felt that the Supreme Court's decision was a step taken to remove God from American society. Governor Wallace of Alabama and Bishop Sheen of New York recently testified in support of a proposal providing for voluntary prayers. Said Wallace: "No one in school should try to convert anyone, but just to say 'God bless us' does not violate the Constitution." Bishop Sheen suggested that school children at least be allowed to say "In God we trust."

The House Judiciary Committee is considering 147 separate resolutions to override the Supreme Court ruling against prayers and Bible reading in public schools. Everyone seems to have his own idea of what kind of prayer should be said. In the event that an amendment is enacted, and voluntary prayers are legalized, who is to decide what prayers are to be said? Would fear of ridicule prevent those students whose parents are against prayer in the public schools from exercising the right not to participate in Bible reading and prayers? The Constitution makes it clear that religion and government should not intermingle ("Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." — First Amendment); yet passage of an amendment allowing prayers or Bible readings, both functions of religion, would contradict the First Amendment and create a dangerous precedent, tampering with the Bill of Rights. A seemingly innocent and good-intentioned amendment could be used in future times to force one group's beliefs on another, or even one man's religious beliefs on thousands of other people. Bitter feelings might arise as a result of a particular religion's being "left out" of the responsibility for selecting a prayer.

As long as the home and church are fulfilling their spiritual and moral responsibilities, proponents of prayer proposals may rest assured that young Americans will not forget God in the few hours they attend school each day. And if the home and church are not fulfilling their responsibilities, then Bible readings in the schools would be a mockery of those precepts of faith found in the Scriptures. If the young people of this country are given the best secular education possible by the public schools, and if the clergymen and parents do their jobs, teaching reverence and respect for God, and creating a proper moral background, neither freedom nor God will be removed from American life.

Stephen M. Feldman '65

FOR A BETTER BAY STATE

MASSACHUSETTS, once a leader in the struggle for independence and good government, is now becoming the home of the most corrupt and outdated government in the country. Last month, a special grand jury investigating corruption indicted 26 men, eight of whom are officials in the state government, on charges of conspiracy and seeking and accepting bribes. The eleven month session of the Massachusetts legislature in 1963 was by far the longest, but by no means the most productive, of any state legislature. Theodore White includes Massachusetts among the states whose politics are "the most squalid . . . and despicable". The underlying reason for this not overly exaggerated image can be traced to the state's archaic constitution.

Adopted in 1780, Massachusetts Constitution is the oldest state constitution still in use. John Adams, its major author, said later: "I made a constitution for Massachusetts which finally made the constitution of the United States." For a long time, it was the most progressive and far-sighted document of its kind. But now, 184 years after its adoption, it is confusing and outmoded in many sections.

The governor in particular is hampered by the constitution. At present, he is blamed for the actions of men appointed by his predecessors or forced upon him by the Executive Council, which must approve all appointments. Many reforms are needed to give him the power to govern efficiently and responsibly. Of prime importance are the elimination or reduction of powers of the Executive Council, and the establishment of concurrent terms for the governor and his department heads. Along with a four-year term for governor and a joint ticket for governor and lieutenant-governor, these changes would make the governor truly the chief executive of the state.

Certain other reforms are also of major importance. The state legislature, third largest in the country, should be reduced to a workable size. Also, the cities and towns should be given home rule over local matters, many of which are now regulated by the state.

Some steps have been taken towards constitutional reform. Last year, the drive for a constitutional convention failed by only a small margin to obtain the necessary 63,000 signatures. Another petition, calling for elimination of all Executive Council powers except those of judicial appointments and pardons, was defeated by the legislature in May. However, if 11,000 additional signatures are gathered by July 1, this proposal will be submitted to the public in November. A constitutional amendment for a four-year term for governor will also appear on the ballot, having passed in two successive legislatures as required by law. Several other reforms will be considered by the legislature in 1965 at its next legislative convention.

Admittedly, constitutional reform is no panacea, but it would, if brought about, alleviate to some degree the plight in which Massachusetts finds herself. Consolidation of government positions would remove many existing opportunities for graft and bribes. Increased efficiency should improve morale among government employees and remove much of the cynicism so evident today among Massachusetts' citizens. Organizations like the Council for Constitutional Reform and the League of Women Voters are to be commended for their past efforts and encouraged in their future campaigns in the field of constitutional reform. But private groups cannot bear the burden alone. Our legislators should be urged to pass the many pending reforms. An active, interested citizenry now has the opportunity to make good government a reality in this state. As the New York Times remarked hopefully in a 1961 series on corruption in Massachusetts: "The citizens of this historic state may rescue it yet."

Saul Rubin '66

LORDS AND MASTERS



MR. EDWARD PATRICK O'CALLAHAN, who teaches Latin and Greek in Room 124, was born in Lawrence, Mass., and now lives in Boston. He graduated from St. John's Preparatory School in 1921, and attended Boston College, where he received his A.B. in 1925 and his A.M. in 1929. He has also attended Columbia University and the University of California. Before coming to Boston Latin School in 1928, Mr. O'Callahan taught at Boston College High School for two years and at Boston College for one year.

Mr. O'Callahan has studied ten languages: Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, Russian, Gothic, Old Russian, Old Slavonic, and Sanskrit. "Latin and Greek are my business; the others were simply the satisfaction of a desire to excel in comparative philology." He reminds us, "Gothic is not simply a style in architecture, but was also the language of the Goths, Visigoths, and other early Germanic tribes." Mr. O'Callahan leaves the following advice to students: "Work! Work! Success is one percent inspiration and ninety-nine-percent perspiration!"

MR. SIDNEY ROSENTHAL, who teaches English in room 207, was born in Boston and attended Dorchester High. He received his A.B. from Northeastern University in 1943 and his A.M. from the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences in 1949.

Mr. Rosenthal has been in the Boston School system for ten years. He previously held a teaching fellowship at the University of Illinois; he also taught at Colby College. He has recently been appointed to a teaching fellowship in English at Harvard and will teach there during the 1964-65 term.

Mr. Rosenthal's goal in his profession is to learn and to understand as much as possible about his subject in order to impart his knowledge to his students. He feels that "Latin School needs the discipline which is part of its tradition, and which is vital to its existence." Concerning the standards of the school, he maintains that many of the people who refer to a downfall of Latin's standards simply do not know what they mean by a "standard."

On the subject of reading, Mr. Rosenthal asserts, "A teacher must be as much of an intellectual as he expects his students to be; and it follows, of course, that those who control our schools must be just as 'intellectual' as they suppose our schools to be."



AVE ATQUE VALE



A LONG AND DEVOTED career in education will soon be drawn to a close when our esteemed Headmaster retires this June; Mr. John J. Doyle, always exemplifying the high ideals of excellence in scholarship and character which he has constantly impressed upon the students of BLS, has faithfully served in the field of education for the past forty-four years. He received his schooling at BLS ('12) and at Boston College ('17) where he attained his A.M. in 1920. He received his Ed.M. from Boston Teachers' College in 1927 while teaching in the Boston school system. After serving in the armed forces during the War, he taught at Boston Technical High (1920-22), at Hyde Park High (1922-29), and at Boston Latin (1929-44). He returned to Tech to head the mathematics department from 1944-49, then served BLS in the same capacity until he was appointed Headmaster of East Boston High in 1952. In 1954 he returned to BLS as Headmaster.

During Mr. Doyle's Headmastership at the Latin School, several noteworthy changes have been effected. Foremost among these is the obligatory examination which all applicants to the school now take the early spring of each year; these examinations, Mr. Doyle believes, will stem, for the most part, the influx of inadequately prepared students who have troubled the school in the past. The cur-

riculum has been greatly expanded during his tenure; at present, it offers an excellent blend of both the "old" and the "new." Russian has been added to the modern languages offered at the school, while the science courses have been greatly enlarged in scope. It is now possible for a student to study physics or chemistry, as well as mathematics, on a College Freshman level. Boston Latin is probably the only public secondary school in the country in which both the ancient works of Cicero and calculus may be successfully studied at the same time.

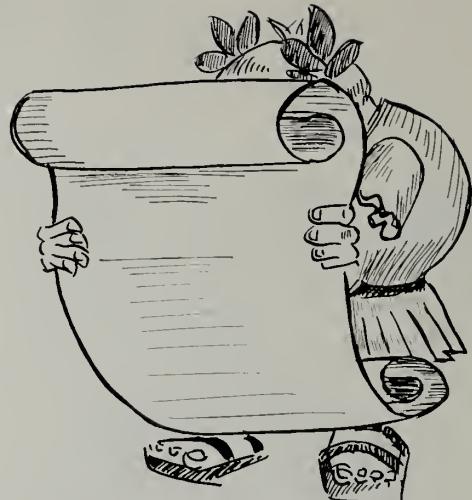
A major aim of his program for the school has always been to teach the pupil HOW to study. "College will be easier to the Latin School graduate," he says, "because of the methods of teaching employed in the Latin School." Hard work and cooperation are the basic ingredients of a good student. Advising young students to be ambitious and "to plug hard," the Headmaster hopes to see the Latin School retain the high level of prestige it has always enjoyed.

Mr. Doyle, a firm and realistic man, maintains that the scholastic rating of BLS has never faltered. He merely has to repeat the recent national rating to prove his point. "Boston Latin School ranks first in Massachusetts and eleventh in the country in the number of boys who have gone on to receive doctorates (not including doctorates in medicine) from universities throughout the nation."

The Headmaster's diverse interests include golf, bowling, bridge, and traveling. Immediately following his retirement from the Latin School, Mr. Doyle plans to travel extensively; he hopes to go, in the near future, to Japan where he will most likely attend the Olympic games at Tokyo. He assures us, however, that he will still retain close contact with the school.

Mr. Doyle is soon to join the exalted roster of the many distinguished Headmasters of the Latin School. We wish him the best of luck and assure him that his high concepts of tradition and scholarship in education will always be maintained at BLS.

Something of Interest



THE LAST SEVERAL months have seen the BLS Orchestra and Drill Team in numerous appearances throughout Boston. Our Drill Team performed at Nazareth High in South Boston on April 14, at Cardinal Cushing High on May 6, and at Clarence Edwards Junior High on May 12.



Our Orchestra along with the Color Guard and Drill Team appeared in the Festival of Music held at Boston Latin April 29 before a very enthusiastic audience. All the school's musical organizations performed for the benefit of the scholarship fund. On April 10, many of these same boys took part in a concert at Jordan Hall with students from other Boston high schools.

On April 10, an excited group of boys under the guidance of Colonel Kelly, Mr. Patten, Mr. McCabe and others took to their buses for the westward trek to West Point. There the boys toured the campus

and met Latin School boys now attending that military academy. It was a thoroughly enjoyable and informative trip. Previously, Cadet Lieutenant Ray Spinoza came to Latin School (March 19) and talked about entrance into the Army Academy. He showed a film and then answered a barrage of questions from interested boys.

The fifth public declamation was held on April 17 before Classes I and II, who responded warmly to the presentations. The Key Club International won a top award from the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge for its 1963 theme "Fulfill Freedom's Challenge." Five National Honor Society representatives, Brian McGunigle, Charles Elboim, Ronald Stoia, John White, and Joseph Samo, spent April 24 at Ursuline Academy in a seminar concerning the economic, social, and political problems of South America.

Amid food, food, and more food, the Class Banquet was held on April 28. In attendance were Mr. Doyle, Colonel Kelly and many of the seniors' teachers. After eating, various teachers made speeches, offered toasts, and contributed to a very enjoyable evening.

At noon the next day, fortified with sodium bicarbonate, the seniors (the juniors, too) roared at the antics of Class Day performers. The Class Will and Prophecy were presented with superb acting by the more talented of our talented seniors. Joseph A. McVeigh, BLS '39, spoke on Law as a career.

On May 3, the Debating Society appeared on WBZ's "Tomorrow's World" in which the boys discussed Civil Rights Problems.

Midst Laurels Stand:

The 319 boys of the graduating class. Well done and good luck! Richard Kaplan, co-editor of **The Register**, who received the Ford Award in St. Bonaventure University's High School Press Competition; Howard Stern, who won first prize nationally in the third year category of the AATG National German Contest; Steven Cushing, who won second prize in the Globe Science Fair; Jack Leventhal, who has been recommended for the All Eastern High School Orchestra; Warren Levinbaum, who has won the local competition (Commonwealth Lodge) of the Knights of Pythias National Oratorical Contest; Charles Lloyd and Peter Perham, who were named "Outstanding Twelfth Grade Scholar" and "Outstanding Teenage Citizen" respectively, by the Roxbury Federation of Neighborhood Centers.

We have learned from Harvard University that a famous alumnus, Roy Edward Larsen, chairman of the executive com-

mittee of Time Inc., will have Harvard's new center for research and teaching in education named after him. President Pusey of Harvard said, "Through Roy Edward Larsen Hall, Harvard expresses her appreciation . . . for the concern he has shown over the years in strengthening the work of the Harvard Graduate School of Education. His efforts on behalf of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, grew from his conviction that the problems of American public education can be solved through research and the training of able teachers and administrators." We are very proud to have a name as great as Roy Edward Larsen's connected with BLS.

News concerning some of our more recent graduates has come to our attention. John Russo ('61) was elected Vice-President of Harvard Council of Undergraduate Affairs and an executive of the Harvard Studies Agencies. Gerald Paul Hillman ('61) was elected President of the nation's oldest literary magazine **The Harvard Advocate**. At MIT the following are on the Dean's List: Paul Berger ('60), Juris Ekmassis ('61), Martin Goldsmith ('61), Comrade Jeffe ('61), and Jeffrey Wong ('61).

Shore-side

The red, golden pebbles
Lie side by side,
Quietly sinking with each measure
Towards a cool drooling eager sea.

George M. A. Cumming '64

With Steel and Cement

A flower grows where a tree once stood;
A tree now stands where forests grew,
And in the space where squirrels bent,
A man improves, with steel and cement.

Eric Korn '64



SPORTS

BASEBALL

Latin Edges B. C. High 5-4

The season's opener for the Purple proved to be an eye opener. Eight of the nine runs of the afternoon could be attributed, in one way or another, to errors committed by both sides. The usually dependable Bob Walsh, chosen to hurl the first home game, without much support from his fielders and without his usual prowess on the mound, was tagged for three B. C. High scores in the first inning of play. Freshman hurler Jim Laucha, showing extraordinary confidence for a lower classman, came on in the same inning to pitch scoreless ball and to calm down Latin's jittery "retread" infield. After four comparatively dull innings, interrupted by Paul Masi's double in the third, Latin took advantage of five runs' worth of B. C. High mistakes in the fifth and marched easily by the Eaglets, who scored only once more. Although this was neither an explosive hitting performance, nor a nerve shattering pitcher's duel, it was, nevertheless, a fine start for Coach Patten's comparatively young team.

Tech Shades Latin 3-2

Latin fell one run shy of their second win of the season in three starts, playing against a tough Boston Tech team at Almont Field. Bob Walsh, who, incidentally, went 3 for 3 at the plate, pitched an excellent game but could not gain the deserved victory. The Purple's two runs both came in the second round of action after second baseman Bill Potter lofted a long double to center and the Tech pitcher yielded a



walk. With one down, the newly installed right fielder, Jerry Creedon, smashed a solid, base-clearing shot into right field, and was credited with both of Latin's R. B. I.'s. Tech later managed to tie it up, and the two-all standoff lasted until the final frame. Relief pitcher Jim Laucha at first showed fine form, as he came on to fan the first batter to face him with the bases jammed and seemed about to force the game into extra innings; however, Tech managed to overpower Latin with a bases loaded walk and stole the decision from a downhearted Latin squad.

Latin Bows to B. C. High 7-6

A poor field supplied by our hosts, coupled with some bad calls on the part of the base Umpire was the mainstay of a B. C. High attack which downed the Purple 7-6. Latin jumped off quickly to a

one run edge in the first inning when shortstop Rich Walsh tripled and scored on Bob Hanson's single. The Eaglets then came from behind as they did on two more occasions later in the game to tie it up and finally to pull ahead. Bill Potter's two run blast onto the Expressway in the fourth inning seemed to inspire our squad, which had, up to then, been hampered by bad luck. But a poor call on a B. C. High bunt in the home half of the fifth along with some bobbled chances by Latin's defense cancelled this lead and hurt the confident pitching of Bob Walsh. In the top of the seventh Latin powered two more runs across the plate on three walks and two hit batsmen, and seemed on the verge of their second 5-4 victory over the maroon and gold. The complexion of the game soon changed, however, as, B. C. High managed to squeak by Latin in the final inning of play.

Dot Upsets Latin 4-2

The Purple made a fine bid to break a prolonged slump but lost a heart breaking 4-2 decision to Dorchester in a game which lasted for four extra innings. Latin, behind the hard throwing of Steve "Dobie" Gillis, a converted third baseman, jumped off quickly to a two run margin in the second inning after halting a strong bid by Dot to cross the plate. Hustling catcher Paul Masi took a throw from the outfield, and applied a diving tag on Dorchester's second baseman to cut down a potential run at home. After pitcher Gillis drew a walk and Rich Walsh lined a single, John Fedorchuk, recently brought up from the J. V.'s, slammed a double into right field and knocked in the only two Latin runs of the afternoon. Dorchester's scores came on two different combinations of walks and errors in the sixth and eleventh innings. The toughest break of the game for Latin came when Steve Vozella led off the bottom of the first with a long triple to right field and was stranded by the next three batters who were set down in order. This one run, if only pushed the last quarter of the distance home would have won the game.

Walsh Blanks Tech 8-0

Despite an earlier loss to Tech and a very disheartening record, Coach Patten's squad proved to a diminishing number of rooters that they were still to be reckoned with in the bid for the city crown. With the encouraging cry of "Everybody hits!", Latin succeeded on this lazy spring after-

noon at Cleveland Circle in pounding eight runs out of Technical whom the Purple was hosting for the first time this year. Bob Walsh, 0-1 to date, nearly performed the magic of a no-hit, no-run ball game. Only two lucky bounces on Tech grounders held our ace hurler to the slightly less glorious feat of pitching Latin's first shutout of the season. The honors of outstanding player of the game must be divided between pitcher Walsh and sophomore rightfielder Bob Hanson. Hanson tagged Latin's longest drive of this spring, out beyond the trees in right center field for a three run homer to open the Purple's scoring. This game revitalized the diminishing confidence and spirit of the team and dragged them from the depths of a long slump.

Latin Bests Trade 4-3

Latin's hustling players remained in contention for the city championship as they emerged victorious in a 4-3 decision over Boston Trade. The Purple, behind the clutch pitching of southpaw Fred Schwelm, who yielded only two runs in seven innings, overcame a one run deficit in the first frame of play. With a double by Jerry Creedon, a sharp single by left fielder Bob Caruso, and a long sacrifice fly by Paul Masi, Latin scored the tying run. Our hard playing nine netted three more runs in the second inning on doubles by Rich Walsh and John Fedorchuk, an infield hit by Bob Hanson, and a booming triple by Bob Caruso. Unfortunately, one of these runs was nullified when one of our over anxious baserunners failed to touch third and was ruled out. Tempers flared on this blistering 75° afternoon, as



Trade's first baseman was ejected from the game for unsportsmanlike conduct much to the dismay of his vociferous coach. The Purple had their opponents mopped up as early as the third inning when they posted the fourth and winning tally on a walk by Steve Vozella, a sizzling double by Bill Potter, and Rich Walsh's second double of the afternoon. The strong arm of relief pitcher "Dobie" Gillis nailed down the win.

Latin Paints English 5-2

The Purple added another to their increasing number of wins as they pounded five runs out of a bewildered English team. The dark blue bowed reluctantly, but surely, to the relentless fireballing of Bob Walsh. Plagued by wildness at the outset of the game, the English pitcher loaded the bases in the first two innings with walks. In the first inning, with the sacks full, a walk enabled our first run to score. After Walsh retired the three opposing batters in the home half of the first, Latin scored twice with a bases loaded sacrifice by Bill Potter and on a wild pitch. After English came back with one run, Latin continued to slap on the paint. Leading

off the fourth inning, Bob Hanson brought rooters for both teams to their feet as he belted a long drive well over the left fielder's head for his second home run of the season. The next batter, John Fedorchuk ripped a double, and Jerry Creedon chased him across with a single and the last tally of the game. Some fine defensive plays were made by Steve Vozella in center field on some well hit English drives.

Looking Ahead

As the season is rapidly approaching its final stages, defending champion Latin will have to keep its winning ways in order to wear the league crown for another year. Coach Patten, gunning for his fourth consecutive City League title, still has hopes of catching leader Technical in the last few games. Currently enjoying a three-game winning streak, the squad still might make a surprising comeback. Behind the dependable hurling of Captain Bob Walsh, the team has improved its record to 4-5.

Things look bright for next year. Although Latin is losing three or four fine starters, the majority of the squad will be back on the diamond in '65.

TRACK

Outdoor track got off to a slow start this season, when two consecutive weeks of chilly, wet weather kept workouts down to a minimum. The conditions were so unfavorable that the first meet had to be postponed and the second finally cancelled because it conflicted with the St. John's Relays.

Although Latin did not win any meets, we did take our share of firsts and seconds, and honorably withstood the tough competition offered by the rival city schools. One of the most powerful field events teams in the city contributed many welcome points in meet after meet, while a young, but able, running team kept up the pace.

Latin vs. Tech and B. C. High

In this meet, the first of the year, the Latin track and field men were barely "nosed out" by Tech for second place. In class "A" Bob Allen combined a first in the pole vault with a second in the discus, and Steve Burrell placed second in the 100. Other places were captured by co-captains Janey and Mitchell, and by

Donegan, Patukonis, Connoly, McDonald, Bernstein, and Butler.

In "B", by far the most productive class, Henry and Mitchell Johnson finished one-two in the 220, Phil Chin followed the winner in the low hurdles, and Carl Landrum led the 440. In the field events, Frank Casella won in the shot put; Joe Baugh tied for first in the pole vault; Bernie Plovnick and Steve John finished second and third in the discus. Points by Mayo, Whitley, Carey, Grey, and Whitkin added to the class "B" scoring.

In class "C", first places were gained by Lincoln Pope, Charley Leoney, Gaetano Tedeschi, and Ken Paige in the 220, broad jump, shot put, and high jump respectively. Pope and Paige scored again in the broad jump and high jump, along with scores by Pendleton and Reid.

Latin vs. Trade and B. C. High

Latin finished second in this meet, scoring more than four times as many points as Trade but failing in its attempts to overtake a strong B. C. High team.

Although the scoring followed much the

same pattern as in the previous meet, many noteworthy performances were delivered. Donegan outlasted his opponents in the two mile, Burrell won the 100, and Allen soared to a first in the pole vault. "B" firsts were grabbed by Chin, Carey, and Casella, in the hurdles, mile, and shot put, respectively. Joe Baugh was victorious in both the broad jump and pole vault. Guild, Pope, and Paige entered the class "C" winner's circle.

City Meet

The very early stages of the City Meet find Latin tied for second behind B.C. High. The only first place so far is held

by Dave Bernstein in the "A" discus. Tom Butler, "A", and Bernie Plovnick and Steve John, "B", also placed in the discus, while Frank Casella, "Ted" Tedeschi, and Morty Whitkin came through in the shot put and javelin.

Although the Reggies, State, and most of the City Meet still lie ahead, the season can be best described as a moderately successful one. Unfortunately, the ingredient necessary for a championship team, **complete and active participation**, is lacking. The talent is not! To those who came out and stayed with it, congratulations for a job well done.

CREW

In the spring of 1963, Boston Latin School finished third in schoolboy regattas. That character-building year is over. With a grim determination, coach Carmine Vara, now in his sophomore year, has his coxswains straining their oarsmen in expectation of a City Championship.

The 1964 Crew season began with try-outs for the multitude of newcomers and practice for the veterans early during the spring vacation. Returning lettermen Danylevich, deMiranda, Ferullo, Haddad, Hinds, Kavanah, Michelson, O'Donnell, Zunder, and Bornstein were sprinkled

through Latin's first two boats, giving great depth to the Crew. Each bears his burden under the whiplash tongues of Latin's fine coxswains, Turell, Merz, and Dolan. Invaluable support was also rendered by seniors Gardel, Lynsky, and Brennan.

Thursday afternoon races, just now getting under way, should find English, Trade, and Technical, Latin's undeniable foes, wallowing in her wake. The stage is set for action, as our fleet endeavors to re-establish Latin School as "Queen of the Charles."

SWIMMING

Piloted by the coaching of Mr. Powers, the swimming team achieved a record of 5-4 in high school competition by virtue of triumphs over teams from Brockton, Cambridge Latin, Rindge, Waltham, and Lynn English in dual meets. It was a season which saw several school records broken by superlative individual and team efforts.

Junior Jim Reid led the team in point scoring by his strong endurance in the strenuous 400 yard freestyle. In the process, he established a school record. Junior Larry Sullivan and Sophomore Dan Ambrose toppled school marks in the breast stroke and butterfly, respectively. The medley relay team of Ryan, Sullivan, Ambrose, and Donahue splashed their way to still another BLS record. On the diving board Mike Donahue and George Bald-

ner displayed aerial as well as aquatic prowess.

In extra-league competition, our boys challenged prep schools and college freshmen teams, including Moses Brown, Huntington Prep, Tufts, M. I. T., and Brown. This year, we were unable to gain a victory against the older swimmers, but M. I. T. can hardly be boasting of their 48-47 verdict over BLS.

At the Eastern Massachusetts Championships, our swimmers and divers combined to boost the squad to a fifth place finish. With the advent of summer, and more time for practice, a water-logged swimming team can look forward to a year in which they just might make it to the top.



The Register's Raving Reporter

April 6: Ye R. R. R. wishes to continue an unwanted tradition by adding the following to the already too large collection of elephant, grape, banana, and other assorted fruit and animal jokes:
What's grey on the inside and transparent on the outside?
An elephant in a baggie.

What's red, hangs upside down in a tree, and says "da"?
A retarded apple.

What has 104 trunks and acts like a sine wave?
The Periodic Stable of Elephants.

What's purple and produces Beatles?
Grape Britain.

Why aren't rabbits allowed to study Trigonometry?
Because Trig is for kids.

April 8: Over-read in 106: Three couches, no waiting.

April 10: Today Ye R. R. R. swallowed a phonograph record and was rushed to the hospital with a slipped disc.

April 12: Overheard in Gym:
Graf von Paper: "Clyde, can you stand on your head?"
Clyde: "No, Sir, it's too high."

April 14: Today the Russians successfully orbited twelve cows around the moon. Historically this is the day of the herd shot 'round the world.

April 17: Overheard in English class:
Teach: "Name two pronouns."
Stude: "Who, me?"

April 21: Lesson for the day:
When going through a toll gate, do as you are tolled.

April 22: Today Ye R. R. R. observes that he really doesn't hate school. It's just the principle of the thing.

April 23: Shakespeare's 400th anniversary. In honor of the day Ye R. R. R. wished to have a party and serve small cakes, each with a quotation from Shakespeare on it in icing. It was told that this is impossible, for we can't have archaic and eat it too.

April 24: Today is the day after Shakespeare's 400th anniversary. From April 23 forth all days are to be measured according to the new Bardstick.

April 25: Overheard at the Debating Society:
"Well, we finally settled it. Shakespeare really didn't write the works attributed

to him; it was someone else with the same name."

May 1: Ye R. R. R. observes that most psychiatrists who like to think Jung are always prescribing Pepsi-Cola.

May 7: Overheard in Room 108:

Teacher: "Young man, are you teaching this course?"

Young man: "No, Sir."

Teacher: "Then stop acting like an idiot."

May 11: Question of the day:

What does one call a card game in Room 311?

Answer of the day:

Vandalism.

May 15: Misguidance teacher: "Your marks are in."

Misguided: "How are they."

Misguidance teacher: "Under water."

Misguided: "What do you mean by that?"

Misguidance teacher: "They are below C level."

May 19: On an unusual visit to the barber shop today Ye R. R. R. observes the bald man's refrain: "Hair today, gone tomorrow."

May 20: Overheard in the Drill Hall:

Second Lieut: "I found out why the Colonel joined the war."

Third Lieut: "Really, why?"

Second Lieut: "He thought Pearl Harbor was a girl."

May 21: Overheard in Room 115:

Teacher: "Stone."

Stone: "Yes, Sir."

Teacher: "You're growing bolder and bolder every day."

May 22: Royal life isn't easy. Ye R. R. R. knows of one East Indian potentate who couldn't handle the large herds of elephants who kept attacking his palace, so he cleared out as soon as possible leaving a sign: "REIGN CALLED BECAUSE OF GAME."

May 25: Overheard in Science Lab:

Smart alec student: "When rain falls, when does it get back up again?"

Smarter alecer teacherer: "In dew time, my boy, in dew time."

May 26: Over-ambitious book salesman: "Now, here's a book that will do half your work for you."

Under-ambitious sophomore: "Good, give me two."

May 27: Overheard in Room 222:

Teacher: "How do you spell weather."

Clyde: "W-I-E-T-H-Z-U-R"

Teacher: "Wow, that's the worst spell of weather we have had in a long time."

May 29: Overheard in 106:

A Certain Master: "A boy has just swallowed a box of firecrackers! What can I do?"

Miss Taylor: "Where is he now?"

A Certain Master: "We don't know. We haven't heard the latest report."

May 30: On the night before Memorial Day a special seasonal program was aired instead of the late horror movie. Said the announcer: "Due to this special broadcast, the Invisible Man will not be seen tonight."

June 1: After reading the works of the great Scotch poet Robert Burns, Ye R. R. R. has concluded that the man was insane. His poems were obviously inspired by a kilt complex.

June 2: Today Ye R. R. R. was arrested for attacking people with a blunt instrument, his wit.

June 4: Why aren't we allowed to open the windows from the bottom?

To prevent high school drop outs, of course.

June 5: Overheard in 306:

Teacher: "Want to get next to something with a lot of money in it?"

Eager: "Sure."

Teacher: "Well, go downtown and lean up against the bank."

June 8: What's transparent and has its own T. V. shew?

Ed Cellophane.

Today Ye R. R. R. received a protest letter from Glassie.

June 11: Proud fivesie describing cafeteria to new sixie:

"And our lunchroom, boy is it out of this world."

Sixie: "Isn't that pretty inconvenient?"

June 12: Overheard at swimming practice:

Mr. Wonderful: "How come that new kid

is such a good swimmer?"

Mr. Twoderful: "He should be, he was a pall-bearer in Venice for several years before he came here."

June 15: Being so near the end, Ye R. R. R. thinks he had better imitate William Tell, who, when he was told to shoot at the apple on his son's head, said, "I'd better knock it off."



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